

Horticultural.

Resources of Fertility.

Dr. R. C. Kedzie, in a recent address before Michigan horticulturists, pointed out some resources of fertility aside from barnyard manure, which is not always available in sufficient supply. Much is used much less generally than it deserves to be; an experiment at the Agricultural College showed that stable manure composted with it was doubled in value by the manure's own combined nitrogen and its power to absorb and retain ammonia, and in prevention of loss of soluble salts by leaching. As a green crop for plowing under, clover was described as "the red-plumed commander-in-chief of the manurial forces," but the length of time required for its maturity is an objection to its use in horticulture. As a substitute, the cow-pea was suggested as likely to attract more attention when better known. A rapid grower and efficient accumulator of nitrogen, it can be turned under the first season. At the South they secure two manurial crops in one season by sowing the cow-pea early in the spring and letting the pea grow until a few seeds ripen, when the whole crop is lightly plowed under; the matured seeds send up a second crop to be plowed under in the fall. Whether we can secure such double crop in Michigan I am uncertain.

Animal remains of every kind—flesh, blood, skin and bones—are very rich in plant food, and should be made to contribute to the grand levy of life. "The man who drags his dead horse or cow off into the woods there to pollute the air of the neighborhood, or teach the dogs the handy lesson of helping themselves to a free feast, whether of dead cow or living sheep, is a fool. If these animal remains are composted with much no offensive odors are given off, and a large amount of very valuable and inoffensive manure is made. These animal remains are valuable because they are so rich in combined nitrogen, and because they decay so rapidly that they benefit the crop immediately. But even those which decay slowly, such as hair, leather, and woollen, may be made available and active by composting with wood ashes slightly moistened, and in this way old rubbish may be made to reappear as luscious fruits. Any waste material that gives off the smell of burnt feathers during combustion should not be burned, but converted into manure for the nitrogen it contains."

The Professor says that composted with twice their bulk of unleached ashes, kept slightly wet to enable the potash to act, and turned every three or four weeks, bones will be softened in three months sufficiently to crush under the blows of a shovel. He does not favor home use of the acid process:

"Bones may be brought speedily into active condition by the action of sulphuric acid, making superphosphate; but the farmer cannot afford to make it as a general rule, because the acid costs so much. The manufacturer makes his own acid for about \$5 a ton, while you cannot buy it in moderate quantity for less than \$40 a ton. It is better and cheaper to buy superphosphate ready made, when you can get so reliable an article."

For wood ashes has the highest appreciation: If we had to buy in market in the cheapest form the manurial materials contained in 100 pounds the cost would be \$1.16. Even after leaching to the last degree, till every soluble thing is washed away, the phosphate and carbonate of lime and magnesia remain and they are worth 34 cents per hundred weight, or \$38 40 tons:

"The market gardeners of Long Island knew their value and sent ships 1,000 miles to bring the ash-heaps of Maine, even when they had to draw the ashes five miles before reaching the ship. More than 30 years ago I bought a 2½ acre lot for my home. The soil was a stiff bouldery clay, and had been exhausted by a rotation consisting of wheat stubble and wheat. Here I planted every fruit-bearing tree and shrub of superior value. I kept a cow and three horses. I had plenty of stable manure and used it freely. But I soon found that excess of stable manure gave my pear trees the fire-blight, made my apples run to water sprouts and suckers, and my grapes ran wild in wild wood. I then turned to a heap of leached ashes near by, and had seventy-five to eighty tons scattered over my field. No more fire-blight or water sprouts, but golden fruit in bountiful supply. My paradise passed through several hands, and at last came into the possession of Mrs. B. In exchange for a 160-acre farm. Her son told me that she received more money for fruit from that 3½-acre lot than she received from the 160-acre farm. The soil has not forgotten that liberal dressing of leached ashes applied more than twenty-five years ago. If you can get leached ashes by drawing five miles, apply them liberally, especially if your soil is open and porous. There is little danger of an overdose, and it is not a material that will wash out of the soil."

But if you touch commercial fertilizers be sure of what you buy. To illustrate the importance of this injunction Dr. Kedzie mentioned that an Ohio company tried last year to secure agents in Michigan—where no legal restrictions exist—to sell a "superphosphate," so called, which did not contain a particle of soluble phosphate, and was "nothing but bog lime or marl."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Horticultural Novelties.

The Farm and Garden says: "It cannot be denied that the bringing out of 'novelties' year after year has resulted in a great deal of benefit to the agricultural world. The quickest possible dissemination of many valuable cereals, like the Fultz and Clawson wheats, the Probert and White Russian oats, etc., is the result of a practice which otherwise has much of the lumbering character in it. For but very few of these many novelties prove to be valuable. Ten, perhaps twenty and more are thrown aside after a year or two, when one only is permanently retained."

"The worst feature about this novelty

business, however, is the humiliating fact, that we cannot safely rely on the descriptions given in the catalogues of our otherwise conscientious seedsmen; a fact which would naturally lead us to suspect that business interests in such cases overrule the desire to adhere to the naked facts, if we did not know how often the most careful seedsmen are imposed upon by alleged originators or introducers of novelties in cereals. But we deem it high time for our leading seedsmen to inaugurate a reform in this matter. They should entirely avoid the red-hot, glowing, flattering descriptions of untested novelties and the extravagant terms now in vogue in their catalogues; nor should they allow themselves to be used as cats' paws by unscrupulous persons, in inflicting some worthless, warped up 'novelty' upon a credulous and unsuspecting public. These seedsmen have a far reaching influence, and this involves a great responsibility.

"It is not our intention to disapprove or discourage our friends in testing these novelties. On the contrary, this testing and sifting is highly interesting, and we feel amply repaid when we find a kernel of wheat in a heap of chaff. The profits derived from the sale of seed grain of a really valuable novelty during the first few years succeeding the test year, often pay manifold for all the original expenses in testing a large number of these novelties. But we wish you to use care and judgment in the selection of them. Let nobody, particularly no stranger, prevail on you to buy a large quantity of an entirely new thing, with a view to big prices for the produce. Go slow. Buy enough for fair trial and no more. But when you know some kind of cereal to be superior to the one you cultivate, be not afraid to risk a few dollars in the new seed, and remember that 'what ye sow, that shall ye also reap.'"

Burn the Grape Leaves.

A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* points out a danger to vineyardists, which he would have them conquer in the manner recommended hereafter:

"The time for destroying the grape mildew is not until every leaf has been burned. There is a second kind of spore (or seed) formed in autumn within the substance of the foliage, and designed to remain in a dormant condition until spring, when, liberated from the leaves by decay, they germinate and introduce the mildew for another season of destructive work. These winter spores, as they may be called, have thick coverings provided for them and will not be destroyed if the grape leaves are used for litter or placed in the compost heap. Any disposition like this would only aid the spores in their escape from the inner substance of the grape leaves, and also help to distribute them far and wide.

"The only thing is to gather the leaves after they have all fallen from the vines, and burn them. This is a small amount of work and only needs to be done once in a season. The use of flour of sulphur in the early part of the season is of great importance in arresting the progress of the pest; but the burning of the leaves is the preventive, while the use of sulphur is the cure. The killing of one spore may mean the prevention of a whole leaf patch of mildew, which might have grown from it the following season."

A Home-Made Dry House.

F. L. Reeves, of East Palmyra, contributes to Johnston's "Fruit Notes" the following: "The building, a frame structure 17 by 24, had been formerly used as a tenement house; it was built, however, for a workshop. Three years ago the apple crop was enormous in this section and it became apparent that unless we could hastily improvise a dry-house, some hundreds of bushels of apples would waste on our hands. Other considerations also led us to believe that the time had come when a dry-house must be included as a part of the farm machinery. Another year there would be some thousands of quarts of berries to be disposed of. Some neighbors had berries too, that invariably ripened at about the same time of year as those growing upon our lands. After a picking or two, the local market would 'cave in' and the profits were gone. So we took the 'old mouse-eaten shell,' as it was called by the boys, and remodelled on the inside for a dry-house. All partitions were removed except one mid way running crosswise of the house. This gave two rooms of equal size on the ground floor. The chamber above, some four feet at the eaves and some seven or more feet at the ridge, was divided in the same way. Under one end of the building we excavated a small cellar for the fire-place.

The floor of the room, directly above this was removed, as well as the corresponding chamber floor above. The fire-place was made of brick, 2x4, 3 feet high. In one end was placed a small iron door, and half-way to the top a grate was placed to hold the fuel, leaving room underneath for the ashes. Outside of the fire-place a single course of brick in thickness was laid, six feet long, six feet in width and four feet high. From the top of this structure scantling was placed, reaching to where the chamber floor had been—these were spread at the top, so that they included as much space as was formerly occupied by one-half the upper floor. On the inside of the scantling from the brick work upward, lath and plaster were used, making a continuous whole—an inverted funnel with square corners. A ventilator on the roof completed the heating apparatus.

The remaining portion of the house was not disturbed. One-half of the building was taken up by the dryer. This left a room on the ground floor 8x12 feet and a chamber above of like dimensions. For the comfort of those preparing the fruit to be dried, a small stove was kept in this room, and on cold days the boys would have a fire. When the fruit was peeled, cored and bleached, barrels hoisted by means of a rope and pulley carried it to the floor above. Two sets of racks are used—one set being level with the chamber floor, the other a foot higher. There are four racks in a set, the lower of the two sets is made of perforated tin. The racks slide upon barn door track, resting upon 2x3 scantling.

The tracks are laid so as to project over

the furnace. An opening in the partition allows the racks to be placed over the fire or withdrawn at the will of the operator. Ropes and pulleys reduce the labor to a minimum. This building as now arranged will dry 60 bushels of apples, ready for market, in a day of 24 hours, and will require not far from 350 pounds of coal. This has proved a cheap and satisfactory dry-house. All the material purchased, heating apparatus, lumber, racks, etc., cost not to exceed \$80. The planning and construction was all done by persons upon the farm. Any one having some little knowledge of tools, and using rough lumber, working at odd times, could put up a similar structure with but small outlay of money. The fruit sold with the best evaporated.

The Ageratum.

The Ageratum are a class of greenhouse perennial or garden half-hardy annual plants of Mexican origin, belonging to the natural order Compositae. They are, as a class, plants of erect, bushy habit, with opposite, mostly cordate bright-green leaves, producing their terminal corymbs in the greatest profusion from July until frost, and when grown as greenhouse plants from October until April. They are indeed old garden favorites, and can be used for bedding or massing purposes as well as for forming blue or white ribbon lines, while their cut flowers can be used to good advantage at all seasons of the year, for with a little care and attention they will last for a week or more, and it may be well to mention that their blue flowers change to a beautiful mauve when seen by candle-light. The Ageratum are popular plants with our florists on account of the ease with which they can be cultivated, the immense quantities of flowers which they produce, and the length of time the flowers remain in perfection after they have been gathered.

When grown in the flower-border or for ribbon-lines, massing or bedding, they should be given a well-enriched, deep soil, and copious waterings during seasons of drought; pinch back the leading shoots if necessary to keep the plants in shape, and if possible remove all flowers as soon as they commence to fade. In the greenhouse they should be planted out on the benches in ordinary potting soil. Water should be liberally supplied, and the young plants frequently syringed in order to prevent the attacks of the red spider, to which pest it is unfortunately very subject when grown under glass. A weekly watering of liquid manure is also very beneficial. Propagation is effected by seeds and cuttings, the latter being the best method of perpetuating the several varieties. The seed can be sown about the first of April in a shallow box of light, rich soil placed in a gentle hot-bed; sow thinly, and cover with a mere dusting of light soil. Keep close and moist until the young plants are strong enough to handle, when they should be transferred into other boxes similarly prepared, placing the plants two or three inches apart each way. Or they can be potted off into two or three-inch pots. Keep close and moist until well established, then gradually expose to the open air, and plant out when all danger of frost is over, which in this vicinity is about the 10th of May. Or the seed can be sown in a cold frame after the middle of April, and the young plants treated as above advised, but they will not flower as early. If the plants are wanted for the greenhouse for winter flowering, a few of the most promising should be selected and planted in a situation where they can be properly cared for during the summer season. Keep them well pinched in, and all the flowering shoots removed, until they are wanted for the house. About the first of September they can be removed to their winter quarters, planted out on the bench of the greenhouse, or else potted into pots of a suitable size. If pots are used, however, they will not flower so freely.—*Ladies' Floral Cabinet.*

Treatment of Frosted Peach Trees.

L. A. Goodman, a Missouri fruit grower, writes the *Kansas City Journal* as follows, regarding the treatment of peach trees that have been injured by the recent severe weather: "It matters not if the wood is colored badly and looks dead. Get you a good pair of shears and a saw and cut off the tops of all the peach trees. 'If trees are five or six years old, or one to four years planted, cut the tops off with shears. On the younger trees cut about two thirds the past year's growth; on the older trees cut down to the two or even three-year-old wood. Make the tops round and shapely, and you will find that they will recover very finely this season and will make good, compact trees, ready to produce fruit next year. 'The peach is a tree that will recover itself and make a rapid growth if well pruned back. If there is only life enough left for the sap to start up the tree the new wood will form over the old wood and they will look as healthy as new trees. 'But if you leave the whole of the top, the chances are that you will never have good trees, even if they should live at all, which I very much question. On old trees take a good saw and cut all the tops off about six or eight feet from the ground; never mind if it does look as if it would ruin them, it is the only salvation for them. A peach will recover if it has only a short distance to send the sap through the diseased wood; whereas, if it had to flow to the tips of the trees it would flow so slow that it would soon be checked by drying up. 'If the root is good a tree will recover wonderfully, but if the root is much injured they had better cut it down. 'The more trees are injured the more they should be cut back, is the sure rule to follow. If you would examine any old peach tree you would find only two or three years of good sound wood next to the bark; this shows that often the trees have been compelled to form new wood over diseased wood, and if you can get a vigorous start early in the spring, it matters not how much the tree is injured, it is sure to recover. The time to do

this cutting is early in the spring before the trees start their growth and as soon as freezing is over with.

"In fact I may say that the best peach growers in the west do this pruning every two years at the farthest, and the trees always show a close, compact growth, and not the loose, straggling growth so generally seen. If you once adopt this plan you will always follow it."

Whortleberries.

Take up the young shoots or plants as they grow in their wild state, set them out in rows three to four feet apart, as ground is more or less valuable, and about two feet apart in the rows. Then cultivate as currants, gooseberries or corn, keeping the ground mellow and clean during the growing season. The second year the plants will begin to shoot up from side roots. These may be allowed to grow, if they come up where the standards are unnecessarily wide apart, or be taken up and set out in rows as were the originals. There are two distinct varieties of whortleberries, the berries of one of which are very sweet and of light blue color, the bushes of which are taller and more open than the others. The second variety grows in their natural state on clustered bushes about two feet high, bear dark blue berries, and are the most prolific bearers. They are not acid, but nevertheless are less sweet than the former, and are generally given great preference. Whortleberries grow on almost any kind of soil, and delight in gravelly or stony places, though the soil should be rich and if alluvial all the better. Go to the woods, carefully pull up the young plants, be sure to keep the roots moist, plant with care, compacting the earth at the roots, cultivate well, and by and by you may enjoy "huckleberries and milk" to your heart's content.—*Journal of Agriculture.*

See Result.

During the discussions of the Michigan Horticultural Society at Lapeer, Prof. W. W. Tracy, of Detroit, gave a very interesting talk on the subject of seed breeding, in which he demonstrated that a bud and seed are similar in structure and nature, and that each is an epitome of the plant upon which it grew. He said that we should not choose the largest seeds, but should rather choose in reference to the plants upon which they grew. By selecting seed in this manner, he said, farmers might be greatly benefited. For instance, he once decided upon and wrote out a standard of excellence for a variety of corn that he was raising. One of the points was that the length of ears, in the aggregate, should be 19 inches. In a field of ten acres he found only five plants that came up to the standard. He saved the seed from those, and planted it in a plot by itself. The increased superiority of this plot was very apparent, and raising the standard, seed was again saved. This course was continued five years, when the standard length of ears, in the aggregate, had been raised to 24 inches. In the same manner may be brought about an improvement in other grains and vegetables. In reply to a question in regard to rejecting the kernels growing upon the butts and tips of the ears, he said that he did not consider it particularly advisable.

Starting Celery.

Celery seed should be sown as early in the season, says a correspondent of the *N. Y. Tribune*, as the ground can be worked. If snow and freezing weather follow, it will do no harm. Dig, break up and pulverize the soil thoroughly, add a light top-dressing of soot, smooth the surface evenly, and scatter the seed thinly, giving plenty of room to make good stocky plants. Do not cover the seed with earth, but press lightly into the soil with a board. Never allow the soil to become dry after sowing, but keep it moist by frequent waterings. If there should be heavy winds, it is best to protect with a light covering. If the seed is slow to start do not be discouraged, but continue the waterings. I have had it lie six weeks before germinating. Of course you will grow none but the best varieties. The Dwarf White Solid is preferred; I confess to a great partiality for the Sandringham Dwarf. As soon as the plants are an inch high thin them. Keep the soil open about them by frequent stirrings, and keep them constantly moist that they may receive no check until the time arrives for setting them out in the trenches.

To get the full flavor of dried or evaporated peaches, they should first be allowed to soak for at least three hours, then cook them slowly; when they are almost done add the sugar, then set them away and let them get perfectly cold. If not used until the second day they will be still better, as they will absorb the sugar and be much richer, apparently. If for use in puddings treat in this way also, as it will repay you for taking thought. Use the juice in the pudding sauce.

Horticultural Notes.

M. P. Wilder, the veteran pomologist, heads his peach trees down to two feet when he sets them.

The currant is a fruit well adapted to being grown with other fruit, since partial shade is desirable for them. A rich soil tends to the best results.

It is now known that the plum curculio sets its peculiar mark upon the apple crop, when the fruit is from half an inch to an inch in diameter. The jarring recommended for saving the plums will prove as successful with the apple.

Wm. C. Strong said, at a late meeting of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society that when the Kiefer pear was introduced, and lauded as one of the most wonderful of fruits, all nurserymen of any enterprise had to procure it, though they may have hesitated as to its value; and now they have a stock, and it is for their interest to unload, and the result is that this fruit is recommended far beyond its real value.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *New York Tribune* says a bushel of apples will make four to four and a half pounds of evaporated fruit, and when the fruit is scarce will bring 16 cents and upwards per pound. The poor apples, with the cores and

skins of others, are worked into jelly which finds a ready market. The area of orchards does not keep pace with the demand for their products.

L. A. GOODMAN, Secretary of the Missouri State Horticultural Society, thinks many peach trees injured by cold weather may be saved by acting on the rule that the more the tree is injured the more severely it should be cut back. This should be done before growth starts in spring. His argument in favor of this mode of treatment is, that a peach tree with life enough left at the root to start the sap up the tree will recover, provided it only has a short distance to send the sap through the diseased wood. On the other hand, if the sap had to flow to the tops of the trees it would circulate so slowly as to soon be choked by drying up.

A BOSTON gardener, who has been very unfortunate in the matter of insect depredations, believes his troubles originated in his choice of soil, which he took from the foot of a high board fence. He argues that in the flight of insect enemies they are quite likely to be driven by wind or other causes against a high fence, rest on adjacent ground and lay their eggs, infesting the soil of that special locality with an unusual percentage of depredators. He advises avoiding the use of soil for plant or hot-beds thus situated. Soil taken from the center of the plot and removed from the fence developed no insects.

A STURGEY firm in the West have for three years past been taking contracts to plant timber for the railroads for the acre, and in three or more years to deliver the groves to the railroads with twenty thousand trees or more to the acre, six feet high, well cultivated and cared for. They also take similar contracts for individual land owners, and in this way have planted nine hundred acres and have contracts for five hundred acres more to be planted next spring. They raise the seedling trees in seed drills, and transplant at one year. The varieties most planted are catalpa, black walnut, black cherry, white ash and in Kansas Alnus, which is too tender for the winters north of the fortieth parallel.

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Our stock, which is exceedingly fine, embraces all the leading varieties. They are stored in frost-proof, airy houses, and were grown by ourself. We offer them at the following attractive prices:

Chicago Market, White Star, Early Gem, Early Snowflake, Mammoth Pearl, White Elephant, Pride of America, Vick's Prize, St. Patrick, Rochester Favorite, Belle, Burbank's Seedling, Dunmore, \$2.50 per barrel; \$1.00 per bushel; 40 cents per peck.

Boston Market, and Early Ohio, \$3.00 per barrel; \$1.50 per bushel; 50 cents per peck. Vick's Improved Peachblow, and Early Gem, \$6.00 per barrel; \$3.00 per bushel; \$1.00 per peck.

Two or three varieties can be packed in one barrel, if desired, without extra cost. We pack and deliver at freight and express offices at above prices.

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200,000,000 Bus. Corn. 30,000,000 Wheat. The best in the Eastern Market.

Pamphlets and Maps free. B. McALLISTER, Land Comm'r, Kansas City, Mo.

Peter Henderson & Co's SEEDS PLANTS

Poetry.

THE SWallows.

The dusky swallows will return again,
Their love songs in thy balcony sing,
And once again they'll beat thy window-pane
With restless, fluttering wing.
But these same swallows that restrained their
flight
That flattered lovingly in years before,
To contemplate thy charms and my delight—
Those will return no more.
Thy honeycomb once again will bloom,
The sprays will climb the lattice of thy bower,
And with new beauty in the twilight gloom
The buds will burst to flower.
But blossoms fair of summers that are past,
Blossoms bedecked with trembling buds of dew
Which fell like tears of day, too sweet to last,
They will not bloom anew.
Faintest words may be the sternest silence break,
And burning words upon thy ear may fall;
Thy heart, perchance, from sleep profound awake
At love's persistent call.
But that blissed adoration, given in vain,
Those fond illusions, dear as they were fleet,
No other will bestow on thee again—
Never again, my sweet.

TWO.

While the sunset maketh golden
All the busy town,
One is bounding 'neath her burden,
One waits for her crown,
One is watching, one is dying;
One can only weep;
One, forgetting pain and sorrow,
Smiling, falls asleep.
One, bowed low amid the shadows,
Prayeth Christ for grace;
One is come so near to Heaven
She can see His face.
Searcheth one, with vague endeavor,
For a faith she had;
Dreameth one of life eternal,
Lives forever glad.
One is rich in peace; the other
Seeks for peace in pain;
And two sister souls are parted
Wide as hills and dale.
Till all loves be resurrected
By time's potent rod,
Till all separate lives be united,
Loose themselves in God.
—Hannah R. Hudson, in Good Cheer.

Miscellaneous.

MISS JENNINGS'S FORTUNE.

"A letter for you, Miss Jennings," said Fannie Evans, opening the door of the little room where that young lady sat at work; "pa's just come from the office." Miss Jennings broke the seal eagerly. She had few correspondents, and a letter was an event; nor was she the less eager because the address was in a wholly unfamiliar hand. The letter ran as follows:

New York, June 17, 1880.
Miss Catherine Jennings, Bayview, N. Y.
Dear Madam: I have the honor to inform you that by the will of my late client, the Hon. William J. Jennings of Galveston, you are made heiress to his entire fortune. This will was made some years ago, just subsequent to his visit here, and is valid in every particular. There is two or three hundred thousand in money, besides a considerable landed estate. A few formalities only will be necessary to put you in possession. As your late cousin's lawyer and executor, I will be happy to wait upon you at any time you may appoint, and give any further information desired.

Very respectfully yours,
JAMES MEAD.

"Two or three hundred thousand—landed estate! it must be a joke! I never saw Mr. Jennings but once in my life." She got up and walked about the room, inspected herself severely in the glass for a moment, and read the letter again. "It sounds real," she said to herself as she folded it up, and replaced it in the envelope; "I'll go to the city and see about it—oh, it is too ridiculous! Don't you dare to think it is true!" darkly apportioning herself as she tied her bonnet strings before the little glass, "but oh, if it were! what would you do with it, do you suppose? Popsy Evans!" she cried, as a small chubby figure stole past the door, "come here to your teacher at once!"

Popsy came, and Miss Jennings caught her up in her arms. "Now, Popsy, tell me, if a great big fairy should come into this room, and say 'Popsy, I'll give you whatever you want—everything,'—Popsy, what would you say?"

"A doll, a wagon, and a little stove," said Popsy decidedly. "Do you know a fairy, Miss Jennings?"

"Perhaps I do, and perhaps I don't," said her teacher. "Now run away and tell your mother I'm going to the city, and probably won't be back till night." She stooped down and kissed the little face again. "Wish me good luck, Popsy, dear."

It was like a dream, the walk to the station, the buying of her ticket, the people around her. She had the letter in her pocket, and read it again as the train whirled away across the level meadows. "It reads all right," she thought, "but I dare not believe it. If it should be true, what shall I do with all that money? I won't make a spectacle of myself, as most people do that get rich suddenly. I'm sure of that. What shall I say to the lawyer? It's too absurd."

How she crossed the ferry and took the street car, Miss Jennings never knew, but she at last found herself at Mr. Mead's office. "I shall at least escape alive," was her unspoken thought, as she gave a tremulous ring to the bell. The door opened; she felt her cheeks burn. If only escape were possible!

"I want to see—is Mr. Mead in?" she stammered.

Then she had a confused sense of passing through a long room where there sat an indefinite number of young men busily writing with uncompromising pens on large sized paper. One or two raised their heads and looked at her as she went by.

Afterward she found herself in a smaller room with a hard and legal looking chair placed at her disposal. Here her conductor left her, saying that Mr. Mead would wait upon her in a few moments. Left to herself, Miss Jennings clutched

her precious letter, and sought to regain her composure. She was so far successful, that, when Mr. Mead appeared, she was able to confront him with tolerable calmness. Mr. Mead was tall, dignified and middle-aged.

"I got—I came—here's your letter," she began, growing more and more abashed and holding out the well-read document as she spoke. "I know it is all a mistake, and it's ridiculous my coming here, but it was Saturday, and I thought—"

Mr. Mead had in the mean time looked over the letter.

"Then you are Miss Jennings?"

"Yes, sir—I know it can't be true, but—"

"But it is," said the lawyer, smiling,—"quite true."

"Do you mean to say that all that money is mine?"

Mr. Mead made a gesture of assent.

"Mine?" and without further preliminaries Miss Jennings burst into tears.

The lawyer waited patiently till the last sob died away.

"I beg your pardon," she said at last, wiping her eyes at intervals, as she went on, "but I have supported myself for years, and it's been hard sometimes."

"I congratulate you on being freed from any such hardship in future," said Mr. Mead. "Few young ladies have such an estate in their own hands. The property is entirely unencumbered. I am ready to transfer all necessary papers to the hands of any lawyer you may choose."

"O, if you please," faltered Miss Jennings. "I don't want to choose any body. Would you mind very much seeing to it all for me yourself?"

Mr. Mead smiled. "I shall be very happy to do so. I had the honor of serving your late cousin for many years."

"That's settled then," and Miss Jennings's spirits rose, as she realized a little her new position—a young woman with a fortune and a lawyer. "Now I'll tell you a little about myself, and you'll tell me just what to do, won't you?"

Mr. Mead again signified his pleasure in serving her in any way.

"My father and mother died when I was twelve," she went on; "I had money enough to keep me at school till I was fifteen; since then I've taught, chiefly in district schools—the idea of my having that money—breaking off abruptly—"

"I thought I was rich yesterday when the trustees offered me five hundred for next year. What will I do with all this?"

"You will wish to live in accordance with your new position," suggested Mr. Mead.

"Yes, I don't suppose I'll stay at Bayview," with a little smile, "but I don't know—I can't think to-day. May I write to you in a day or two? I want to go home now and think it all over."

"Write at any time you wish, Miss Jennings," said the lawyer. "There are a few formalities to be attended to, as I have said, but if you should wish any money in the mean time—"

Miss Jennings interrupted him. "Do you mean that you could let me have some of my money now? It would make it seem so much more real if you could."

"Certainly, I shall be happy to be your banker. How much do you wish?" Mr. Mead unlocked a drawer as he spoke and took from it a roll of bills.

"I don't know—\$100 or \$20, perhaps," Mr. Mead selected \$100 from the roll in his hand, and held it out to her, saying as he did so that she would probably not find that amount too large.

There was much less distinctness about the long room as Miss Jennings passed out, attended by Mr. Mead himself. The young man resolved themselves into six; one of them nearest sight, she noticed. The air was decidedly less stifling.

"How Popsy will stare!" she said to herself, as she entered a large toy store.

"Dolls, please,"—to the clerk who came forward to attend her. The young lady brought out a large box, and carelessly displayed its contents. "Here are some for 25 and some for 50 cents," Miss Jennings eyed them critically. Yesterday, they would have appeared good in her eyes; to-day they looked small and mean.

"Haven't you something better?" she asked, with a trifle of asperity in her tone; "something for two or three dollars, perhaps."

The young person behind the counter grew perceptibly deferential.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am; I didn't know you wished anything so high-priced. Just step this way, please," and she passed down the store to a case where a choice assortment of imported dolls lay in state. Selecting from these a wax wonder with flaxen curls and movable blue eyes, she held it out to Miss Jennings for inspection.

"Oh, my little Popsy!" said the young lady, softly, as she signified her approval to the clerk. "You will believe in fairies after this won't you, dear?"

"Anything else, ma'am?" asked the clerk.

"Yes, a stove and a little carriage."

These were soon produced, being marvels of their kind, and expensive enough to gratify Miss Jennings's desire for great expenditure. It was in a half-dream that she paid for them, and heard the clerk ask whether they should be sent.

"No, I'll take them," she said, adding, mentally, "it would cost 25 cents, at least, for expressing them;" and then she laughed as she realized that 25 cents was no longer a matter of importance to her.

It was late in the afternoon when she returned home, and Popsy was in the garden with her mother. Reaching her own room without observation, she untied her parcels and arranged the doll in the little carriage, placing the stove artistically in the background. This done, she opened the window that looked out upon the garden and called Mrs. Evans.

"Oh, you're back, are you?" said that person; then, in answer to her request for Popsy: "Yes, she's here. Popsy, teacher wants you. She'll come right off, Miss Jennings."

Going to the door, Miss Jennings caught Popsy in her arms, and covered the blue eyes with her hand.

"Now, Popsy," she said impressively, "what will you say if I tell you that I didn't see any fairy? Will you care?"

"Some," said Popsy, making a futile

little effort to free her eyes; "but mother says there ain't any."

"Your mother doesn't know anything about it," said her teacher, hastily. She felt much as if she had been in fairy land herself. "One! two! three! Look, Popsy!" and she set the child lightly on the floor in front of the doll and uncovered her eyes.

The child's eyes widened and widened as she took in the wonders before her. Suddenly she flung herself upon her teacher's lap and burst into tears. "Oh, I am afraid!" she sobbed out; "it's too pretty."

"Nonsense, Popsy," said Miss Jennings.

"I felt just so, myself; but it's true—every bit of it. Just see here"—taking up the doll as she spoke, and putting it in the child's lap—"it's got real hair and everything."

Thus encouraged, Popsy soon forgot her fear, and shrieked with delight over each new found charm—the shoes, the sash and the dear little fan.

"The land sakes, Popsy," said her mother, who came to the door, attracted by the child's excited tones, "what be you a-doing there?"

For all reply, Popsy held out the doll.

"Where upon airth—Miss Jennings, be you crazy?" as Popsy displayed, one by one, her treasures.

"I don't know, Mrs. Evans; I think I am a little."

"The idea of your getting all them things for that child. Why, you must have spent nigh a quarter's salary."

"I spent thirty-three dollars and seventy-four cents," said Miss Jennings.

"Popsy Evans, you bring that doll right here and give it back to your teacher," said her mother. "I ain't a-going!"

"Stop, Mrs. Evans, please," interrupted Miss Jennings; "it's all right. I got a letter from a lawyer this morning—the one Fannie brought me, you know—and I've had some money left me."

"You hev?" queried Mrs. Evans, "two or three hundred, maybe?"

"Two or three hundred thousand, Mr. Mead said."

"For the land's sakes, Popsy, go and call your pa. There he is, crossin the yard now."

Mr. Evans dutifully obeyed his wife's summons, and, amid many ejaculations from her little audience, Miss Jennings told her story.

"Wal," said Mr. Evans, "I'm glad on't for your sake; but I don't know where we're goin' to find anybody to do as well by the children as you hev."

There's Popsy, now, she'll be terrible put out at your goin' away, and Fannie too. Suppose you'll teach out the term, won't you? 'Tain't but a week more, and it will give the trustees a chance to look about a bit."

Yes, Miss Jennings would teach out the term.

"And then if there should hev been a mistake, you won't have done anything rash," suggested Mrs. Evans.

Then the husband and wife went off stolidly away and left her with her dreams and Popsy.

Two or three days afterward, Mr. Mead read with a smile a letter from his new client. It ran as follows:

BAYVIEW, June 20, 1880.

Dear Sir: I have thought a great deal about my money since I saw you; now that I have it, I want to use it to the best advantage. I think I would like a house somewhere on the Hudson for the summer. Do you think you can find me one, nice, and not too large? I will be satisfied with whatever you choose for me. Then I wish you would help me to find something which I fear will be more difficult than the house. Living as I have had to do during the eight years I've taught, I am ignorant of many things it is desirable that I should know if I am going to travel, as I wish to do. What I want is a lady, a real lady, who will consent to live with me, and teach me just those things. If you can help me to find such a person, I shall be very grateful. I think a widow lady, without children, would be nice. I will call at your office next Saturday, and hear what you think of my plans. Respectfully,

C. JENNINGS.

A year later Mrs. Brewster and Miss Jennings were among the earlier arrivals at one of the fashionable watering-places in their country abounds. The year had been a pleasant one to the heiress.

With Mr. Mead's concurrence her plans had been successfully carried out, and she found herself in possession of all the advantages money could give. The world is ever willing to pardon much in those who have great possessions, and it seemed indeed in Miss Jennings's case to regret that there was so little to forgive.

"A most charming girl," said Mrs. Brewster, who felt that her lines had fallen in pleasant places, "beyond a slight unconventionality of manner at times, there's nothing to distinguish her from any well-bred young lady."

Mr. Mead, eldest son and heir to Mr. Mead, the lawyer, was already at N—, and under orders from his father to be of service, if possible, to Mrs. Brewster and her charge. It was in fulfillment of these orders that he approached Miss Jennings as she sat on the hotel piazza, an evening or two after her arrival, and begged leave to present his friend, Mr. Thornton.

Miss Jennings assented, and the ceremony of introduction over, Mr. Mead withdrew.

"The exodus has begun somewhat early this year," said Mr. Thornton, watching his friend's retreating figure.

"I suppose it is the extreme heat," Miss Jennings agreed as to the cause, and then added that she found the change very pleasant.

"Oh, the air and the scenery are well enough," the gentleman went on, "but I'm not partial to a crowd. One never knows whom one will meet at a watering-place. I sit *vis-a-vis* with my tailor at table."

"But I enjoy seeing the people," said Miss Jennings, "and guessing their thoughts; I don't object even to—tailors, if they're amusing."

"They can't be; it's not their nature," rejoined Mr. Thornton. "But speaking of thoughts, my friend Mead has just been telling me of an heiress, a client of his father's, who is to appear here shortly. It's quite a romantic story."

A confused sense that he was going to

speak of herself, and that she ought to stop him, surged helplessly through Miss Jennings's mind, but she gave no sign, and the young man went on:

"She had been teaching school somewhere in a country village, supporting herself for years, I believe, when a cousin or an uncle died, and left her his fortune. Can you imagine her thoughts at the sight of this splendor?" waving his hand, as he spoke, toward the hotel parlors.

Miss Jennings flushed slightly, but her voice was steady.

"What do you think they will be?" she asked.

"Reverence, mostly. She will never suspect their vulgarity. Those newly rich are always fond of show; it's their destiny. I shudder now in anticipation of her performance. Why do such people come to these places? Why not hide their ignorance in their native wilds?"

"Isn't it possible you are a trifle unjust, or at least severe in your judgment?" asked Miss Jennings.

"Severe? why you," (with a slight, but flattering emphasis on the pronoun), "have no conception of their ignorance. Take this girl, for instance; she's lived in a country village with no society, and probably no literature beyond the *Fire-side Companion*, or the *New York Weekly*. I always find them at the cottage where I stop on my hunting and fishing excursions. Those papers deal in such splendor and high life, they're acceptable by contrast."

"I shouldn't think they'd find the contrast agreeable," said Miss Jennings.

"They do, I assure you. I don't doubt the young woman in question has formed all her ideas of life from their pages. She'll expect every second man to be a Count, and every other woman to be a Duchess."

"Then you think her fortune apt to prove more bane than blessing?"

"Undoubtedly. She might have lived happily in her own rank of life; now she will be snubbed here, and toadied there, and finally be married for her money by some worthless fellow. I pity her."

Just then an elderly lady appeared in the doorway, and looked toward them.

Miss Jennings rose, and, with a slight apology to the young man, immediately went to her.

"I trust the heiress will not disappoint you," was her parting remark.

Mr. Thornton's eyes followed approvingly. There was a certain grace of movement that pleased him.

"What a contrast she would make to the heiress," he thought, as he walked away. "I wonder that Mead has said nothing about her."

Half an hour later he encountered his friend in one of the corridors.

"Where's your heiress?" queried Mr. Thornton, as they paused for a moment's talk.

"That is a question I might put to you with a better grace," announced Mr. Mead, "as I left you in her society an hour or so ago. It can't be that you've eloped with her already. Why, what's the matter with you, man? You glower as if you had seen a warlock!"

"Do you mean to say," stammered Mr. Thornton, "that Miss Jennings—that the young lady that I have just been talking with—is the heiress? It's beastly! It's impossible!"

"Perhaps, but true, nevertheless. I told you about her before I introduced you. What of it, any way?"

"Oh, nothing, nothing! I've been making myself very agreeable, that's all, and shaking off my friend's detaining hand. Mr. Thornton betook himself and his mortification to his own room. Solitude afforded him but little solace. Every word, every phrase he had uttered, repeated itself with uncompromising fidelity. What should he do? How could he atone? He would go and implore her pardon—he would say it was a joke—he would leave the place at daybreak—all possible and impossible plans presented themselves, to be instantly rejected with hopeless scorn.

"That was young Mr. Thornton, I believe," said Mrs. Brewster to Miss Jennings, on the way to their rooms. "A most admirable young man; wealthy, and of such a good family. Were you pleased with him, my dear?"

"He was very entertaining," said Miss Jennings, demurely, and made no further comment.

"So that is what one gentleman expects me to be," she said to herself, as she leaned against the window, and looked out at the quiet sky. "Perhaps I ought to have told him, but how could I? Fancy my saying: 'Excuse me, please! How he will feel to-morrow, for he is a gentleman,' and she laughed softly, as she pictured Mr. Thornton's discomfiture.

"I ought to be angry, but I'm not. It is too absurd. I think I shall go about labeled in future. Mrs. Brewster would die of horror if she knew about it."

Mr. Thornton awoke the next morning with a sense of impending execution. He hastened to find an opportunity of seeing Miss Jennings alone, and he was fortunate enough to meet her just entering one of the parlors as he was about to continue his search.

"Miss Jennings, will you allow me"—he stammered, growing miserably red, as he went on—"what I say—how can I explain?"

"We won't speak of it, Mr. Thornton, please," said the young lady, "it was a mistake; I ought, perhaps—"

"You ought to have done nothing," interrupted the young man, "it is I who am the most—"

"Don't call names, please. Only you were quite wrong about the papers. I always took *Harper's* and the *Atlantic*, and with a smile she passed on, leaving him with all his protests half made.

"I don't think he enjoyed it," thought the young lady, "but then, neither did I."

Mr. Thornton made no further attempt to see Miss Jennings, till some days later fate brought them together at a lawn party given at one of the cottages near the hotel.

"Am I forgiven?" he asked, as she stopped a moment beside her.

"We won't allude to it. How lovely

the weather is, and how well every one is playing."

"But Miss Jennings—" "I insist!"—and Mr. Thornton was forced to abandon his desire of talking about his blunder, and offering what he fondly hoped might be considered extenuating circumstances.

Of the weather, the game, the company, the last book, Miss Jennings would speak, but on the subject uppermost in his mind, not a word. He saw, with mingled pleasure and chagrin, as the soft summer days went by, that Miss Jennings was destined to be a social success. Her brightness and grace, added to her more material attractions, won her many friends, and it was but very rarely that he could secure a half hour's talk with her, and he grew to prize these brief interviews highly.

"How happy you look, Miss Jennings," he said to her in one of these. "Pardon the personality of the remark; it was involuntary."

"I am happy," she answered; "I have a great deal to make me so. I like the ease and comfort of my life here. I enjoy my worldly possessions very much," she added, audaciously.

"Did it ever happen to you to have to work for your daily bread, Mr. Thornton?" No," as she saw he was about to speak, "I don't mean whether you have a profession, or anything of that sort—Mr. Mead told me you were a lawyer—but did you ever know what it was to have your bread actually depend upon your work?"

"I'm afraid not," said Mr. Thornton, "but my grandfather was once poor, very poor," he added, feeling that it might somehow give him an added value in her eyes.

Miss Jennings laughed.

"Why should you be afraid?" she asked. "All I meant was, that if you had, you could better appreciate my state of feeling now. Why, I used to teach for \$300 a year, Mr. Thornton."

"Thank heaven, you are freed from such drudgery now," he said, quickly.

"You mustn't call it drudgery," she answered; "it was hard work, sometimes, but never that. I always loved the children—such dear little children some of them were. I wish you could see Popsy, Mr. Thornton—but what nonsense I'm talking. What would Mrs. Brewster say? Promise not to tell Mr. Thornton," she said, laughingly, as she turned away.

"I promise," he answered, with a little unnecessary fervor, thinking, while how dark and tender her eyes could grow, and wishing the light there shone for him, and not for the absent and mystic Popsy.

Among the young men oftenest seen at Miss Jennings's side, was a young Kentuckian, who, Dame Rumor said, was deeply in love with the heiress, and had followed her to N—, from New York, where he had met her the previous winter.

Miss Jennings, further averred this sapient dame, was not wholly indifferent to the handsome young Southerner, and would probably bestow upon him, in due course of time, her hand and her thousands.

This young man Mr. Thornton came to regard with an aversion unbecoming both in a Philadelphian and a gentleman.

What was it to him whom Miss Jennings married, he asked himself sometimes, with indignation; but as the summer days went by, he was forced to admit that it was much, too much for his peace.

"Miss Jennings," he said to her one day, when uncertainty seemed no longer tolerable, "are you going to marry Colonel Warrington?"

"No!" she answered, startled into reply by the abruptness of the question. Then she flushed hotly. "What right have you to ask me such a question?" she asked.

"None, except that I love you," he answered.

"You! I never thought"—and she half rose, as if to leave him.

"Don't go, Miss Jennings—I know everything is against me, but I'll wait—I'll do anything—"

"Do you remember what you said to me, here?"

"Do I remember? Can I ever forget? But I hoped that you had forgiven me—"

"I have forgiven you—it's that I mean—but I don't want you to make another mistake—it would be more irreparable, you know."

"I know that I love you."

"And you're sure you won't mind my founding a school—I always meant to be a comfortable, lovely school, all on one floor, with pretty desks and pictures?"

"I mind nothing but your refusing me—"

"And I have not done that," she said, gently.

Six months later they were married, and the next year the Jennings Academy—Mr. Thornton insisted that it should bear her name—was inaugurated under most favorable auspices, and the most promising pupil thereof was Popsy—*Springfield Republican*.

Society of Elephants.

A couple of young elephants which were recently provided with a home at the St. Petersburg Zoological Gardens were fed with cakes and other good things to such an extent by visitors to the gardens that their health greatly suffered and it became necessary to interfere.

and said: "What you call 'em on
hook's too? 'Hishman cheslee Jim Wo."
"I'm beat entirely, Mr. Flaherty," said
Mr. Mulcahey, dolefully. "Them Chi-
nese is full o' deceit."—*N. Y. Sun.*

The Louisville Exposition awarded prizes on
buggies and harness to the Elkhart Carriage
and Harness Manufacturing Company, of Elk-
hart, Indiana. They deal directly with the
consumer at wholesale prices, and ship any
where with the privilege to examine before
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"Because he wanted old cheese, you see; he wanted something which could be driven right along with the army, and thus save the cost of carrying it."

When medical science admitted that Rheumatism and Neuralgia had their seat in the blood, it remained to find a successful remedy for the poisonous acid which caused them. That remedy has been found. It has been named **ATHLOPHOROS**, which is a Greek word composed of *athlon*, a prize, and *phero*, to bear away, that is "bearing away the prize." And this it does both in promptitude and final efficiency. Says Mrs. Eliza Evans, of Upper Derby, Delaware County, Penn.: "After the third dose of **ATHLOPHOROS** I rested better than I had done

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